

durs, fins et penches vers l'abîme. Le soleil
nous fait des
cœurs sans ombre. C'est dégoûtant d'être si
vulgaires—

voilà pourquoi les Parisiens nous méprisent
tant' In his
gay courage, in his unembittered irony, in
the smiling
shrewdness that conceals a capacity for
intense and en-
during feeling, Montaigne with all his
originality re-
mains also, I believe, a typical child of his
country at its
best, Rousseau, his dour Genevan
descendant, craved as
passionately as Montaigne for freedom; but
freedom, not
for sane and gay vitality, but for neurotic
self-torment.

There can be little doubt, however, that
nurture strongly
reinforced nature in making Montaigne so
passionate
for independence. Most know well enough
the story of
his education—the solicitude of the best of
fathers (another
parallel between Montaigne and Horace)
for his one
surviving son; the fostering of the child in a
poor family,
to make him both robust and
compassionate; the use of
soft music, after the child's return home, to
wake him
each morning; his acquisition of Latin in the
nursery at
Montaigne, not a syllable of French being
allowed there;
followed by some play-method of learning
Greek, which
was at least so effective that when
Montaigne's sister had
grown up and a friend of her husband's
proposed to him
in discreet Greek before her 'une débauche
a amourette',
the astonished tempter found himself
ordered out of the
house. No modern parent with Freud upon

his mind
could have been more conscientious than
Pierre Eyquem
de Montaigne, more anxious to avoid
repression or
constraint Only twice did the little Michel
feel the rod.
Then after some years of this audacious
experiment his
father's courage faltered and he was sent
like others to
college at Bordeaux; but the effects were
lasting. Not
only was Montaigne a Latinist and classicist
for life, the
envy of his fellows and the terror of his
masters; his dislike